MENUS AND RECIPES.

TO-DAY'S MENU.

BREAKFAST.
Blackberries
Rusks in Milk
Fish Cakes Rice Muffins
Gooseberry Relish
Coffee
LUNCH.
Savory Omelet
Stewed Plums Macaroons
Iced Cocoa
DINNER.
Cold Clam Broth
Broiled Fish Mayonnaise
Mashed Potatoes Green Corn
Cucumber Salad
Wafers Wine Jelly Cheese
Coffee

Recipes.

Gooseberry Relish—Four quarts of gooseberries, two pounds of seeded raisins, four pounds of sugar, one pint of water. Boil berries fifteen minutes; add other ingredients and cook until consistency of marmalade. Fill one dozen glasses.

Cold clam broth will be found good if thoroughly chilled. Each cup should be served with a spoonful of whipped cream, and slightly salted crackers should go with it.

Among the artistic new fabrics for handsome indoor gowns is a white net that glistens with crystal or silver dewdrops, and is lavishly sprinkled with vividly colored flowers.

THE SECRET OF TONI

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL,
Author of "The Victory," "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac," &c.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Lucie stopped here and cast a side glance at Paul. She possessed the art of the story-teller and wanted to know whether Paul was interested in what she was telling him. Paul was so much interested in Lucie that he would have listened with pleasure to anything she said, but the beginning of what she was telling him sounded like a book, and he listened with eagerness. Lucie, seeing this, proceeded. Like many other people, she enjoyed being the heroine of her own tale, and it lost nothing in the telling.

"Well, I used to like this visit to my grandmother—she has a big chateau, larger than the commandant's house, five times as large—bigger than the Hotel de Ville."

Lucie opened her arms and hands wide to show Paul the enormous size of the Chateau Bernard.

"And then she has such beautiful things—so many servants, carriages, horses, chandeliers, and gardens—the most beautiful gardens, and a park ten times as large as this."

Paul listened to this somewhat coldly. He did not like bragging and could not understand the innocent, imaginative delight which Lucie took in describing a pretty chateau.

"I used to love to go there and visit grandmamma when I lived with Sophie. We lived in another place—a great big city called Chalons. But I loved being with Sophie best. She was not at all like what she is now, but she was the gayest person in Chalons. She wore beautiful pink gowns, and white hats, and feathers, and went to balls every night, but she always had time to look after me. She used to take me in the carriage with her every afternoon to drive, and before she went to a ball she always saw me undressed and in my bed and came to tell me good night. And she looked over my lessons and made me practice my music, and did everything for me, just as the other little girls' mammas did for them. Then something happened—I do not know what it was—it was something dreadful, though, and I remember the day. It rained very hard, and Capt. Ravenel came in the afternoon and was sitting in the drawing-room with Sophie, and Count Delorme came in, and there was a terrible noise, and the door came open, and Count Delorme struck Sophie with his fist hard, and Capt. Ravenel caught her in his arms. I was leaning over the balluster, and then Harper ran down, and carried me off, and would not let me go near Sophie, though I heard her crying outside the door, and I cried inside the door just as hard as I could. The next day Harper—that is my nursery governess that takes care of me now and dragged me away yesterday—came and took me in a carriage to the railway station, without letting me say good-by to Sophie, and carried me off to my grandmamma's chateau."

Paul was interested enough now. Lucie's story sounded more and more like a story out of a book.

"When I came to the chateau, my grandmother—she is Sophie's grandmamma just as much as she is mine—kissed me, and hugged me, and told me I was to live there, but I was very angry because I hadn't seen Sophie to say good-by even, and I kept asking why Sophie didn't come to see me or send for me or even write me a letter. I used to write her letters myself—you see, I am ten years old and I can write very well—and I gave them to grandmamma to send to Sophie, but I found a whole bunch of my letters half-burned in the grate in grandmamma's room. Then I saw they were deceiving me, so I wrote a letter and I stole a postage stamp, and I knew how to address it to Sophie, but I got no reply. Then I stole some more postage stamps, and wrote some more letters, but I never heard anything about Sophie. I had a governess and music-master, but grandmamma never made me study or practice my music as Sophie had done. She let me do everything I wanted except to see or hear from Sophie. No matter what I asked for, grandmamma first refused and then she got it for me. She bought me the finest doll in Paris and a little pony and wicker phaeton, and used to take me to the circus—my grandmamma lives near Paris, you know—and gave me five francs of my own to spend every Saturday. But I wanted Sophie. At night I would think about her, and cry and cry, and then grandmamma would have me put in her bed and she would cry, too, but she would not let me see Sophie. At last I couldn't eat anything—not even bonbons—and they sent for the doctor, who said grandmamma must take me to the seashore, but after we came from the seashore I missed Sophie more and more, and I cried every night and would not eat, and at last I told grandmamma if she did not let me see Sophie I would starve myself to death—I would never eat anything—I would hold my breath until I died—or eat a cake of paint out of my paint box. Paint is poisonous, you know. Grandmamma told me of a little girl who died from eating paint out of her paint box. At last even the doctor grew frightened, and told grandmamma if I did not see my sister Sophie he was afraid I would be very ill, so then—this was two summers ago—she let Harper bring me here, and I stayed a whole week with Sophie. Capt. Ravenel is her husband now, and not that hateful Count Delorme, and I didn't know Capt. Ravenel before, but I love him now almost as much as I do Sophie. He is so kind and good, and not a bit cross. Sophie told me that I must be satisfied with my week with her, and must be good, and perhaps grandmamma would let me come again, and that when I went back to the Chateau Bernard I must eat and keep well, and not cry any more. I did as Sophie told me, but Sophie doesn't know grandmamma as well as I do. I begged her all last winter to let me come and see Sophie again, and all this spring, and then this summer, but she wouldn't let me, and then I found out how to manage grandmamma."

Paul listened to this with an interest which bordered, however, on disapproval. He had never heard of small children managing their elders, but Lucie had told him that she was half American, which might account for anything. Paul had heard that the Americans were wild people, so perhaps even the children did as they pleased. Lucie drew up her little silk-stockinged foot, and settled her skirts around her.

"And how do you suppose I did it? I didn't eat anything for two days. Grandmamma was frightened to death. When I wouldn't eat, they left cakes around, and beautiful little biscuit, but I know what that was for and wouldn't touch them; so, after three days, grandmamma gave in and told me that Harper might bring me to see Sophie, and so I came, and I am to stay two whole weeks, and after this every time I wish to see Sophie, all I will have to do is to stop eating, for that frightens grandmamma and she lets me have my own way."

Paul eyed the bewitching Lucie still with some disapproval.

"But do you think it is right to treat your grandmamma so? Isn't she a good grandmamma to you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered Lucie. "I love her very much, but not like Sophie. You love your aunts and grandmamma, but not like your mother."

That was quite true, for Paul was as fond, in his quiet way, of his mother and father, as Lucie, in her violent and demonstrative fashion was of Sophie, or as Toni was curiously fond of Mme. Marcel.

CHAPTER III.

While this conversation was going on, Toni, who had seen Lucie go chasing after the butterfly, watched Capt. and Mme. Ravenel. Paul had told him there was something mysterious about the pair, and Toni was vaguely conscious of this strangeness, and felt in his childish, ignorant way, like Paul, the charm of Mme. Ravenel's touching beauty. He heard Mme. Ravenel say:

"What can have become of the child?" And Capt. Ravenel got up at once to look for her, going a little way along the path down which Lucie had disappeared. And then a strange thing happened before Toni's eyes. A young officer coming by, with a waxed mustache and his cap set jauntily on the side of his head, stopped directly in front of Mme. Ravenel and looked at her with a smile which Toni did not at all understand, but which made Mme. Ravenel's pale face flush to the roots of her dark hair. Then the officer said, in an insolent yet insinuating voice:

"May I be permitted, madam, to admire your beauty a little closer?" And sat down on the bench without any invitation, throwing his arm around the back of it so as almost to embrace Mme. Ravenel, who started up with a cry. At that moment Capt. Ravenel appeared at the back of the bench. He was not so big a man as the young officer, but, catching him by his collar, he threw him sprawling on the ground and then deliberately stamped upon him as he lay prostrate. Mme. Ravenel stood as still as a statue. The officer sprang from the ground, and would have flown at Capt. Ravenel's throat, but two other officers passing ran toward them and separated them, and pinioned the arms of the officer to his side. Toni heard Capt. Ravenel say, as he handed his card to one of the officers:

"I saw this man grossly insult this lady, and he shall pay for it with his life." And then Mme. Ravenel swayed a minute or two and fell over in a dead faint. The two officers hurried their comrade off, leaving Capt. Ravenel alone with Mme. Ravenel, who lay prone on the grass, quite insensible.

Toni remembered once having seen a lady faint in the park, and that some one fetched water from the fountain close by, and dashed it on her face, but he had nothing to fetch it in, having no hat on his head—as hat being a useless incumbrance which he only wore on those rare Sundays when his mother dragged him to church against his earnest protests. But there was Paul Verney's hat. Toni scampered down the path and in two minutes had found Paul. Lucie was just leaving him, and Toni, mysteriously beckoning him, whispered:

"Fill you cap with water and take it to Mme. Ravenel. She is lying on the grass fainting like I saw a lady once, and somebody at that time threw water on the lady."

Paul, with the true lover's instinct to serve those loved by his adored one, ran to the fountain and filled his cap with water, and then flew as fast as his legs would carry him to the place where Mme. Ravenel still lay. Most of the water was spilt over his white linen suit, but there was enough left to revive Mme. Ravenel.

"Thank you, my boy," said Capt. Ravenel, as he dashed the water on Mme. Ravenel's face. Then she opened her eyes and tried to stand up. Paul ran for more water and came back with about a tablespoonful in his cap, while he himself was dripping like a water spaniel. But Mme. Ravenel, by that time, was sitting up on the bench, pale, with her dark hair dishevelled, and her hat still lying on the ground. Capt. Ravenel was supporting her.

Paul Verney, being a gentleman at twelve years of age, felt instinctively that, having done a service, it was his place to retire. He received a tremulous "Thank you" from Mme. Ravenel, who then asked anxiously of Capt. Ravenel:

"Where is Lucie—what has become of the child?"

But Lucie at that moment appeared, and Paul, longing to remain and hear more interesting stories about grown people from Lucie's cherry lips, still felt bound to retire, which he did.

Toni, on the contrary, making no pretensions to being a gentleman, had to see the whole thing played through. He concealed himself behind the shrubbery, and saw with pain, but with deep interest, Mme. Ravenel weep a little—tears which Capt. Ravenel tried to check. Then, in a moment, Harper appeared and Lucie went off, her usually sparkling, dimpling little face quite sorrowful; and then Mme. Ravenel, leaning on Capt. Ravenel's arm, walked away.

Toni stood and pondered these things to himself. What queer creatures grown people were, after all! Still they were very interesting if one got rid of all their scrapes and muddles. What did that dashing-looking officer want to put his arm around Mme. Ravenel for? Toni, reflecting on these things, took Jacques out and asked him about them, but Jacques replied that he knew no more about them than Toni did.

That night Toni, not being made to go to bed at 8 o'clock like Paul Verney and all other well-conducted boys, was prowling around the garden of the commandant's house, of which the back was toward the little street in which Mme. Marcel lived. The garden gate was open, and Toni sneaked in and seated himself on the grass, just outside the window on the ground floor which looked into a room that was Col. Duquesne's study.

Toni had an object in this. There was a great clump of gooseberry bushes under this window, and Toni loved to gorge himself on Col. Duquesne's gooseberries. True, he could have had all the gooseberries he wished from his mother, but they did not have the delicious flavor of those surreptitiously confiscated from Col. Duquesne's garden. Toni was afraid of the commandant, as he was afraid of the monument in the public square and of old Marie, and of everybody, in fact, except his mother, and Paul Verney, and little Denise, and Jasques. But he knew the garden much better than the commandant did, and his short legs were quick enough to save him in case any one should come out of the house.

Toni saw, through the window, the two officers, who had separated the other officer and Capt. Ravenel, sitting in grave conversation with the colonel.

"It is most unfortunate!" said the colonel, a grave-looking, gray-mustached man. "What could have induced Ravenel to come to Bienville to live? It would seem to be the last place on earth that he and Mme. Ravenel would select."

Then one of the other officers said to the colonel:

"I understand that they came here principally on account of Mme. Ravenel's health, and besides, Ravenel owns the house in which they live. It isn't much of a house, but I hear that Delorme spent every franc of Mme. Ravenel's money, and they have nothing but this house and Ravenel's half pay to live on, which probably accounts for their being in Bienville. But I must say that they have kept themselves as much out of sight as possible."

"I knew Delorme," said the colonel, "and a more unprincipled scoundrel never lived. It is a great pity that Ravenel didn't knock the fellow's brains out on the day when Mme. Delorme left Delorme. Nobody would have been sorry for it. I have known both Ravenel and Mme. Ravenel for years, and they are the last people living that I should expect to commit the folly they did, going off together and remaining two or three weeks before they separated. It was a species of madness, but they have paid dearly for it. I understand that Mme. Ravenel is tormented by religious scruples about her divorce."

The colonel got up from his chair and walked up and down two or three times. The vision of Sophie Ravenel in her triumphant beauty ten years before, and the pale conscience-strickenu Sophie of to-day, overwhelmed him. He remembered Ravenel, spirited, gay, and caring for no other than a soldier's life, and now cut off from all comrades, his life-work ended. Surely these two had paid the full price for their three weeks' desperate folly, of love, shame, rapture, and despair. Then awakening suddenly to the madness of what they had done, they had separated, not to see each other again until Delorme had obtained a divorce; and Sophie, after having been branded as a wife who had dishonored her husband, was married to Ravenel, who, for her sake, had sacrificed all his worldly prospects. The colonel was a strict moralist, but in his heart he reckoned that there were many worse people in the world than Sophie and Ravenel. The two officers sat silent while the colonel took a couple of turns about the room, and then he sat down and spoke again.

"But the question is—What are we to do about Creci?"

"Creci swears," said the older of the two officers, "that Mme. Ravenel smiled at him as he passed and gave him an invitation to come and sit by her."

"I am afraid," said the colonel, in a very cold voice, as he shook the ash from his cigar, "that Creci is mistaken."

"Mistaken!" thought Toni to himself, Creci was lying, pure and simple." That Toni knew, for he had seen the whole transaction.

"We are bound, under the circumstances," said Capt. Merrilat, "to take Lieut. Creci's word for it. Naturally Mme. Ravenel's word cannot be taken."

Col. Duquesne pondered for a while, stroking his mustache, and then said:

"Come to me in two days—I will see what can be done"—and then, after a little more talk, the two officers got up and went away, and Col. Duquesne strolled out in the garden where Toni was still behind the gooseberry bushes.

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

One of the old fashions that has been revived is the use of oblong gold buckles to trim gowns.

LATEST FASHIONS.

2985

MISSES' SHIRTWAIST.

Paris Pattern No. 2985

All Seams Allowed.

This simple model will be found serviceable for early autumn days. It is adaptable to heavy linen, madras, Persian or Victoria lawn or flannel. The wide tuck at each side, stitched to the waist line in the front and back, gives a broad-shouldered appearance, which is always becoming. The waist closes at the center-back and the long sleeves are finished in deep points over the hands. The pattern is in 3 sizes—13 to 17 years. For a miss of 15 years the waist requires 3⅝ yards of material 20 inches wide, 2⅞ yards 24 inches wide, 2½ yards 27 inches wide, 2 yards 36 inches wide, or 1⅝ yards 42 inches wide.

Washington Herald Pattern Coupon.

Name .....

Address.....

.....

Size desired.....

Fill out the numbered coupon and cut out pattern, and inclose, with 10 cents in stamps or coin, addressed to Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, Washington, D. C.

"NAGGING" THE CHILDREN.

From the Rochester News.

Parents who "nag" their children make a big mistake. The habit is bad enough in either parent, but most objectionable of all "nagging" is the mother whose continual fault-finding embitters the childhood of her children and leaves them without the memory of motherly acts and words.

An actual occurrence illustrating the point involved an irritable mother stopping at a seaside hotel with her husband and young son. She "nagged" at the boy in the dining room till the poor child lost his appetite.

One morning the father came down alone and explained that mother was not well enough to come to breakfast. Whereupon the boy, with child-like frankness, exclaimed: "Oh, I'm so glad!"

Then, seeing his father's reproving glance, he exclaimed: "You know, papa, I'm not glad she's ill, but—but I do enjoy my breakfast so much more when she's not here."

Memories of a mother's sweet voice have led back wandering feet to straight paths, but harsh words of grumbling mothers have driven the children to the broad ways of destruction, as did a certain widow who railed continually at her children. They feared her when they gave back railing for railing, and every son of that mother "went wrong."

In another home the "nagging" of the mother was repeated in the children. Old grievances were dwelt upon, magnified, and brought forward at most inopportune moments, and there was a continual round of petty fault finding and retort.

But at last a realization of her responsibility came to the mother; she controlled the querulous words and turned them to gentle ones. The children were puzzled. They did not expect the new condition to last, but last it did and now it is rare to hear an impatient word in that household from any of its members.

For a Back Yard Vacation.

From the Philadelphia North American.

A woman who had to spend her summer close to home fitted up a sort of moving summer house that allowed her to keep in the open air all day without being prostrated by the sun.

This contrivance was nothing more than a child's crib, with one side cut off and the legs shortened to couch size. This was plainted white and the mattress covered with green gingham. Several good-sized pillows were covered with same material. All covers were removable.

Besides the couch—an ordinary bench would answer, though one could not loaf on it so well—there was a huge canopy umbrella—the kind fakers use—fastened to a strong iron stand painted white with a top that answered as a table. The umbrella, which could be adjusted to any height, was covered with green and white awning material.

With these two articles of furniture and a cotton rug to spread on the grass on damp days, over a rubber blanket, the woman could move to any part of the yard she pleased to catch the breeze or keep out of the sun.

If one has an old steamer chair it can be added to the couch near the table. It, too, may be painted white or a dark green.

For luncheon sweetbreads select large white sweetbreads. Cut them into dainty slices, dip in beaten egg and cracker crumbs, and brown in a pan with a little butter and a few slices of bacon. Serve on toast garnished with watercress.

A Paris company is shortly to send an airship to London to test the feasibility of a regular service of dirigibles between the two capitals.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

Women run awful risks by following the fads of others without taking into consideration a few things like the state of their health. I doubt not that fasting is excellent in its place, but that does not mean that you and I should take it up without knowing if the heart action is right or if our work can be continued during the foodless period. One man's meat is another man's poison, and if one remedy would cure everybody the need for physicians would cease to exist.

* * * *

I am a believer in sea baths and other kinds of the cold variety, but I imagine that there is a goodly number of women whose constitution forbids them. There are weak hearts which must be considered, weak lungs and delicate stomachs which require special consideration, yet a dozen women will attempt blindly to follow the example of one who probably knows herself rather well. The senselessness of such a course must appeal to us after we have properly considered the matter.

* * * *

It is just as necessary to study one's health as to attempt to learn one's style. It is as individual as coloring or feature, and accounts for the number of diseases. In sickness there are symptoms which guide the doctors in treatment, but changes in medicine are frequent because of lack of response in affected organs. Seasickness may be common enough, but there are thousands who never know the agony of it and weather plays no part in this discrimination. It is quite possible to get on such familiar terms with self as to know what and when to eat, and that is the only sane manner of living.

* * * *

The present generation of society girls is notable for one thing—good health. Allied with that are good folks, and both are maintained by careful eating. Breakfast is simple, but it is a meal just the same. Continual feasting is a feature of fashionable life, and those who disregard their waistline take much more food than they should. The girls are careful and eat so little and with such regard for their health that they need not worry about unwelcome flesh and a bad liver. If they fasted, it would be under medical supervision and because their constitution could stand it. Not one in fifty followers would be safe in abstaining from food for even a short period.

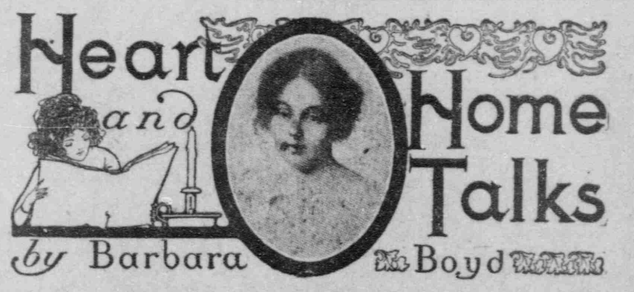
BETTY BRADEEN.

Fish—Halibut a la Poulette.

For halibut a la poulette get a slice of halibut one and one-half pounds; clean it and cut eight fillets from the slice. To one-quarter of a cup of melted butter add one-eight of a teaspoon of pepper, two teaspoons of lemon juice, a few drops of onion juice and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Put the dish containing the seasoned butter in a pan of hot water to keep the butter melted. Lift each fillet of halibut separately on a fork, dip in the butter, roll and skewer with a toothpick. Lay in a shallow pan, dredge with flour and bake for twelve minutes in a hot oven. Remove the skewer, lay the fillets on a hot plate, pour around one and one-half cups of Bechamel sauce and garnish with the yolks of two hard boiled eggs rubbed through a strainer. Cut the whites in narrow strips for garnishing.

Italian Chestnut Soup.

Peel and blanch twenty-five large chestnuts, cover with stock and one tablespoon of bread crumps, salt, pepper, and nutmeg to season and simmer for two hours or more. Press through a selve; measure the quantity of soup and add half as much boiling milk. Thicken with the yolk of an egg beaten with a little cold milk, add a tablespoon of sherry and serve with croutons.



"It seems to me, dear, you love me just because I am pretty," she was saying. "You like the pink of my cheeks, my blue eyes, my gold hair. Yet these aren't me, to be ungrammatical. I would be the same if my face were freckled, my eyes a dingy gray, and my hair red, though I think red hair is pretty."

He said she was adorable, no matter what she looked like.

But she wasn't quite satisfied. "I want you to love me," she went on, "the real me, not my looks—my physical self, as it were. And don't you think I—the real I—have improved under the inspiration of your companionship?"

"You couldn't improve," he averred.

"Now, please, be sensible. I don't want compliments. Tell me really."

"Well, dear, you have. You are growing more and more unselfish; too unselfish, sometimes, I think. You are less opinionated, that is, you have come to realize that other people can differ with you and yet perhaps also be right. You are ever so much more thoughtful in little things. You are sweeter and more lovable in hundreds of ways. I didn't think you could be, but you are. There, now, is that the way you wanted me to put you under the microscope?"

"Yes, dear, it is. And this growth is what marriage should accomplish. It should make one finer in every way. It would be a failure if it didn't. It isn't meant, I think, to make one simply happy. It is meant to help one grow better and finer. And now I am going to tell you how you have improved.

"You are ever so much more gentle than you used to be. If men only knew how women love gentleness and tenderness in men, I think they would cultivate these qualities more. I do not mean effeminacy, but just being gentle and tender and sympathetic in the right way at the right time. Men mean well, but they do not do well. And you used to tear over my feelings sometimes like a young cyclone or a potato digger, or some of those other awful machines that scrape and harrow. You never knew how much you hurt. But you are improving vastly, and if you only realized how nice the change is—" she concluded with a happy sigh.

"Then you are getting the best of your temper. And that is a lot! How you would explode over little things, and growl or be grouchy. But you are seeing that it does not do any good, and only makes the atmosphere unpleasant and everybody unhappy. It was just a habit and lack of self control, and it makes me so happy to see you getting the best of it.

"You do not throw things around like you did and make everything messy. And you talk to me as if I were a rational being and interested in something beside new hats and bonbons. Indeed, you are getting so good I am afraid your wings are sprouting."

And then the eavesdropper sneaked away—sneaked is the proper word—for she shouldn't have listened all that time. Only she had always been anxious to know how Amy and Tom managed to seem always so ideally happy, how Amy had been able to reform Tom of some very undesirable habits and herself of some equally unattractive traits. This little glimpse of the intimacies of their life gave her much enlightenment. She wondered if she would be able after she and Dick were married to inspire him in as tactful a way.